

They Told Not, But They Spin

DISTAFF AND SPINDLE IS THE
LATEST SOCIETY CRAZE.

Duty of Our Grandmothers Be-
comes a Fad Among the
Smart Set.

It is not only a womanly accomplishment, but a graceful pastime, and it lends itself easily to serene repose of manner and damianess of attire.

It is called spinning, and perhaps few have heard your grandmother speak of it. Perhaps you have read of Penelope's weavings, and for a reason known only to herself, the modern maiden has lately resolved to bring all her nineteenth century wisdom to bear upon the distaff. She means to spin enough to weave possibly the linen for her trousseau, or failing that, certainly sufficient for a bit of a handkerchief, four inches one way by two the other.

A CLASS OF PRINCESSES.

The Princess of Wales is said to be one of the devotees of the wheel, indeed she is partly responsible for the revival of this gentle art.

The Queen of England, as we all know, is able to spin, and various articles have been exhibited for which her majesty prepared the flax.

Recently this accomplishment has been commended to the Princess of Wales and her daughters, the Princesses Victoria and Maud, and a spinning class has recently been started at Sandringham, with royal dainties and maps of high degree as members of the class, and all are enthusiasts upon the subject.

The charming Duchess of York is one of the most promising of pupils, and in time doubtless the young princeling, George David Patrick Andrew, will be wearing microscopic garments of his mother's weaving.

The royal family of England go up into the island lying off the northwest coast of Scotland, and there learn from the

is rotated in a socket, which consists of a hollow shaft. The cotton yarn with which the famous Draca muslin of India—ex-greys, which, from the filmy airiness, receive such names as "woven air" and "evening dew"—are spun with the aid of only three simple and rude appliances.

DIANA CROSSWAYS.

It was an Old Story.

A Wayne County farmer was smoking his after-dinner pipe at his barnyard gate when a wayfarer who didn't differ in looks from the ordinary tramp came along and passed the time of day and inquired:

"Am I speaking to Mr. Blank?"

"Yes, my name is Blank," was the reply.

"And this is your farm?"

"Yes, sir."

"Mr. Blank," continued the tramp, after looking around him, "you have probably read of Capt. Kidd, the pirate?"

"Yes, sir."

"He buried heaps of money."

"Yes, sir."

"Not half of which has ever been found."

"No."

"Has it ever occurred to you that some of his plunder might have been buried right here on your farm?"

"No, it never has," replied the farmer, as he threw a club at a hog which was entering the barn behind him.

"Suppose," whispered the wayfarer, as he dropped his voice and looked around— "suppose I could point out the exact spot on your farm where Capt. Kidd buried \$40,000 in gold?"

"Wait," calmly replied the farmer.

"Would you be willing to set me out a square meal and give me an old coat and pair of shoes?"

"No—couldn't do it."

"What! Not in exchange for \$40,000 in gold?"

"No."

"You don't want to know where a fortune lies buried within forty yards of where we are standing?"

"No—don't know to know the spot?"

"See here, my friend," said the wayfarer, "what kind of a man are you?"

"Just a farmer," was the reply.

"And you don't want \$40,000?"

"No."

"Wouldn't even give me a dinner if I pointed out the treasure to you?"

"No."

"If you want dinner you'll bet to dig fifty hills of 'taters to earn it."

"And you positively refuse the piratical fortune waiting to be uncovered?"

Sweet Girl Gymnasts

SWELLS OF THE FOUR HUNDRED
IN THE ANGEL SWING.

How German Turn Vereins for
Women Are Imitated by
Select Sets.

In these brisk October days, when the blood bounds through the veins with a snap and energy that makes the strong-bodied young woman feel as if she were treading upon air, says a New York correspondent, the gymnastics frequented by fashionable femininity present scenes of wonderful activity and grace.

The visitor to the city from Wayback, when he walks up Broadway during the parade hour, marvels at the Jumbo-like form of the city's womanhood. Brilliantly dressed in their autumn finery, he sees on all sides wonderful proportions of magnificent creatures, with a carriage as voluminous as the Amazons of old. Now is the time to see the New York girl in all of her radiant glory, and the visitor who gazes at the bewildering vision is inclined to wonder at the reason of it.

Could he take a peep into one of the gymnastics used exclusively by women—the Berkeley Lyceum, for instance—he would understand the why and wherefore of it all in short order.

IN THE SMART SET.

For the past few years the women of the smart set have gone in for athletics, but the less fortunate ones in worldly goods have been debarré from the health-giving exercises simply because of the lack of suitable places. The Ladies' Athletic Club of the Berkeley Lyceum is securely surrounded by the iron hand of the Four Hundred, and those who do not belong to the one cannot penetrate the other.

Berlin has set a fine example for the other large cities of the world. The German metropolis, famous for its turnverins for men, is now famous for its turnverins for women. Each of the public schools of that city has its gymnasium, which is used day and evening. Some of them are used by men and others by women. In the daytime scholars are drilled in them, and at night they are the scene of the disposal of older folks.

Those given over to the use of women are largely attended by girls over eighteen years and by matrons of all ages. There is a regular uniform worn by all of the feminine gymnasts, consisting of a white blouse, a short skirt of blue-black serge and easy-fitting tights. Corsets are tabooed. The women dress themselves in the uniform at their homes, and, donning an overgarment, proceed to the turn halls. On arriving there they are ready for the evening's work almost in an instant without undergoing the confusion and delay of changing their costumes at the hall.

At the last national turning at Breslau the best of the Berlin women gymnasts competed with the men. There they met the finest athletes of the German empire, and, while they did not win any of the prizes, they displayed remarkable agility and muscular strength in arm, hand and limb. The showing made was so favorable that many of the expert judges present voiced the opinion that in a few years the women would be dangerous competitors of the men in all branches of athletics.

ITS RESULT IN GERMANY.

The experiment of broadcast gymnastic training of women in Germany is of such recent date that the beneficial effect is not yet apparent in the nation, but this can only be a question of a few years.

Among the wealthier Germans of this city the athletic education of the women of the family is being developed with peculiar zeal. In some of the houses large rooms have been set apart and in others smaller ones have been converted into gymnasiums. Efficient instructors make regular visits to these homes, and he has become as much a part of the family life as the music teacher.

Little girls of 4 and 8, their grown-up sisters and in many cases the mother—the latter often suffering from a superfluity of avoidable—go through the exercises mapped out by the instructor. The sinuous flexibility of the muscles, arms and limbs of the younger girls and children are a great aid in the work of teaching them, and a well-known instructor says that they have a finer grace of movement in athletic work than men or boys. Great difficulty is experienced at first because of their stance, but as soon as they have confidence in their strength they learn quickly and easily.

GETTING OFF THE CARS.

It has been said that woman will never learn how to get off a street car safely and easily. Just watch any girl who is a member of gymnastic class and the fallacy

Bright Spots For Winter Rooms

CONSERVATORIES EVERY ONE
MAY INDULGE IN.

How Indoor Flower Gardens May
Be Made at a Trifling
Expense.

Her house, she says, is no bigger than a minute with a dining-room window opening on a series of cheap, but very back yards, where neighbors will hang out their Monday wash, so she consulted a nice florist round the corner. The suggestion was to shut off the disagreeable view by an arrangement of plants and the bill must needs be extremely modest.

This is what the florist did for the small consideration of \$8. He took out the lower sash of the window entirely and fastened outside the sash a wooden box, measuring two feet and a half on all sides. It was supported by iron brackets on the outside wall beneath the window, and then with four squares of skylight glass, the sort that is near an inch thick, and a cloud of pale green in tint, he put a slanting roof and sides over the zinc box, reaching from its outer edges to the bottom of the window's upper sash. This done the box was filled with earth and planted with cheap, hardy ferns, bedded down with lycopodium and given color and fragrance by adding a few mignonette and cyclamen plants.

It was when finished an ideal little conservatory, that she framed in by drawing the shade down to a level with the lower end of the top sash and looking back of her white lace curtains. Through the heavy glass the autumn sun shined with just sufficient energy to keep the plants in good health and the proper temperature. Its proud owner satisfies her horticultural tastes by spraying the leaves once every twenty-four hours from a florist's bulb. All day the cool, green nook and heavy glass the autumn sun shined with just sufficient energy to keep the plants in good health and the proper temperature.

AN INEXPENSIVE LUXURY.

Twice during the season the florist tells her this charming window box must be renewed with fresh plants and a little earth, and a couple of dollars will cover the cost. Early in February he will give her hyacinth and daffodil bulbs, pansy seed and ivy slips, with a couple of tiny dwarf latania palms to take the place of her autumn supply, and these, with a few geraniums later on, will make her window box a bower of beauty.

There is no reason, on the whole, why every old country house in winter, should not have one such window box to every living room. The chief expense is their building, for the zinc box and glass panes, should not have one such window box to every living room. The chief expense is their building, for the zinc box and glass panes, should not have one such window box to every living room.

Planted frames in silver in attractive models are very expensive, one large enough to hold a cabinet likeness can be bought for 25 cents.

Another cheap fashion is the imitation of the Florentine frame. This is in heavy brass-looking metal and has large scroll-work designs. A good-sized one comes at 40 cents.

A chaste style for framing a small photograph is the flower band, a delicate line of violets, English daisies, forget-me-nots, or other diminutive blossoms. This is the one adopted for framing miniatures. These frames are made large enough for a cabinet picture, and have a rest attached at the back for standing. They are of gilt, and are generally oval in form, sometimes ornamented, sometimes a plain band of gold, finished with a narrow line of beading or fluting ribbon, low and ends tied at the top.

CAROLINE HALSTED.

Nature's Lullaby.

Sing 'er to sleep, sing 'er to sleep,
O'ercoiled, an' locust, an' bee,
Composers, rustle yourselves an' keep
In concert with leaf an' tree.

The dand bends the goldenrod down,
The earth's gettin' husky an' dry,
The summer is aged an' guttin' brown,
An' a haze is on hill an' sky.

White butterflies flutter an' float,
Or sink through the crispy air,
The bird bez forgotten its summer note
In its later parental care.

The noon still shimmers with heat,
While the cool of the night is deep,<
Natura is fakin' her covers sweet
An' singin' the world to sleep.

Natura seems like my boyhood's bed,
At the top of the garret stairs,
Where a motherly hand once touched my head,
As I learned my childish prayers.

Neath Natura's warm brown counterpane
The summer, its work all done,
Drowsy with play, an' toil, an' pain,
Has fallen asleep in the sun.

An' as she sleeps she smiles in dreams,
An' you hear her pines beat
In fallin' 'heaves an' golden streams
Whose currents are yellow heat.

Step light, step light, the summer sleeps
An' autumn is a-sleepin'—
A watchful eye on the sky she keeps,
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—By A. T. WORDEN.

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New Costumes For Fair Cyclists

RIDING GOWNS ESPECIALLY DE-
SIGN FOR ALL WEAR.

Pretty Effects Produced in Green,
Blue or Golden Brown
Cheviots.

The fad for bicycle riding has reached such a height that many of the fair sex are inquiring how they can fashion a costume that will be suitable for riding and yet be modest and attractive. In cutting a cycling skirt the great art is to cut it full enough, but not too full. It should be about four and a half yards wide, with much fullness on the hips.

A stylish bicycle costume is made of navy blue cloth. This is a scanty enough for its purposes, while the double box plait in the front gives an additional fullness, which is utilized when the rider raises her knees. The box plait is held in position, to the depth of thirteen inches, by stylized pearl buttons, three being arranged on either side.

The bodice has a double box plait extending from shoulder to shoulder and gradually to the waist. The plait is ornamented on either side with three buttons. The belt and collar band are made of black silk. The bouffant sleeves are plain. Navy blue cloth gaiters and knickerbockers are worn with this costume.

AS TO HATS.

The blue felt sailor hat is trimmed with a band and stiff bow of black satin ribbon. A very pretty costume is made of golden brown cheviot. The skirt is very graceful and comfortable, both on and off the machine. On either side of the front gore is a fan plaiting, which gives the necessary fullness when riding. Two straps can be fastened across the plaiting, which gives the effect of a walking skirt when off the bicycle.

The Norfolk jacket has painted revers and collar. The collar and belt are of dark brown velvet. The gilet sleeves are finished at the hand by a deep stitched hem. The gaiters are made of cheviot. A white chemise, with high collar and black satin tie, is worn with this stylish costume.

The soft felt hat, matching the costume, has a turned-up brim, with an indented crown, adorned with a band of dark brown ribbon, the left side having a fan of ribbon, while the right side is ornamented with a dainty little quill.

Another costume is made of black cloth. The short skirt is buttoned on both sides with small, black dot buttons. Eight rows of stitching encircle the foot of the skirt. The bodice has a round blouse, and is worn over a white skirt, with a high collar and four-in-hand tie. The gaiters, which are fastened with enameled black buckles.

STUDY IN GREEN.

An attractive costume is made of ivy green Venetian cloth. A short, full skirt, reaching just below the knees, falls over full knickerbockers of the same material. The short jacket, with pointed revers and collar, which can be worn either open or closed, has a full basque, and is lined throughout with white duchesse satin. When open it displays a double-breasted waistcoat of white box cloth. The sleeves are cut leg-of-mutton shape. A white chemise, with high collar and black satin tie, is worn with this stylish costume. The sleeves are gilets. The gaiters are of blue cloth. Knickerbockers are of course worn with this suit.

CURIOS OF A CHINESE THEATER.

A great drawback to the Chinese theater is the absence of artificial scenery, movable pieces, painted canvas and other accessories to stage illusion. To supply this deficiency the stage manager resorts to some very ludicrous expedients, implying a faculty for imagination largely in excess of that with which a Chinaman is usually credited.

Chairs, benches and tables are made to serve conventional uses never contemplated by the manufacturer. For instance, two tables three or four feet apart, with a board laid across, represent a bridge. When the spectator sees benches and chairs arranged up right or ten feet high he must imagine himself at the base of one of China's classic mountains. When he sees a dirty piece of canvas spread upon the floor he is standing on the shore of some historic lake.

When he sees men seated upon chairs with paddles and poles in their hands, he must by a violent effort of the imagination behold a passing barge or a regatta of dragon boats on the Pearl River. A courier plays riding horseback by striding a bamboo pole with a tuft of hair tied to the end. When he reaches the other side of the stage, he announces his arrival at Peking. Soldiers fall in battle, he still a few minutes, then coolly get up, walk across the stage to a seat and sit down, to fan themselves in full view of everybody.

FLY IN A SOPRANO'S THROAT.

Wily mass was being celebrated at the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception in Portland, Me., on a recent Sunday a young lady from Boston, a fine vocalist, was assuming the leading soprano part. When the solo "Salve Regina" was reached the lady sang the solo, and had just reached the concluding measure, her pure, crystal-like notes falling most agreeably on the ear, when the members of the choir noticed that she turned pale and placed her handkerchief to her lips, giving a spasmodic cough. A fly had flown down between her nose and shut off her wind. Fortunately at that moment the full chorus had to sing, thus preventing any break, and when her turn came again the lady was able to respond. The poor fly was afterward found on the bosom of her dress. He had paid for his liberty with his life.

ODE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Mignonne, tell me if the rose,
Which this morning did disclose
To the sun her purple dress,
Has not lost, in evening's view,
Purple robe and that bright hue
Like thy own fair loveliness.

Mark how in a little space,
Fallen from their resting place,
All her beauties scattered lie!
Child of cruel mother born,
Nature bore her at the morn,
Only with the day to die.

Mignonne, an' thou trust me, dear,
As thy life from year to year,
Blossoms as it blooms to-day,
Make thy harvest time of youth,
Like this flower, old age, in truth,
Comes to strew thy bloom away.

—From the French of Pierre de Ronsard.

Know Her Business.

Miss Q. (with a threatening proposal)—
Why do you speak so long to me?
Mr. S. (in a self-satisfied way)—
I was afraid of waking your mother up.

Miss Q. (overlaid)—
You need not be afraid. She won't wake up until you are through.—New York World.



A Favorite Pastime of the Princess of Wales.

crofter women, who are famous spinners. The wheels used by the crofter folk are small affairs, and accompanied by three-legged stools, on which the worker sits twirling the thread and moving her fingers in a tiny blue cup affixed to the frame. English and Scotch girls think that great fun to take lessons of these people, and after spinning and weaving the linen to carry it to the nearest market and there bleach the flax to snowy whiteness between two stones and the clear, running water.

FASHIONABLE SPINNERS.

Naturally it is only the womanly woman who is fascinated with the spindle and the distaff—not the dodos of society. In the morning room of John Rockefeller's country mansion, there is a charming corner, where stands a spinning wheel which belonged to the mistress of the house. When a mere slip of a girl, she learned the art, which, of late, at her daughter's request, she has been imparting to them. When Miss Edith tries her prettiness hand at the wheel, her fiancé, handsome Harold McCormack, declares that she makes such a charming picture, he would like to surround an artist to paint her as she stands. He further adds that when they take their wedding trip abroad, if the jewelry is hand-wound, once the jewels of Mary Queen of Scots can be found in the museum at Edinburgh, a copy of the same shall be made for his bride.

AT COUNTRY PLACES.

Other maidens fair, who are laying claim to the spinning wheels of their ancestors or ordering new ones made, beautiful and elaborate with silver mountings, are a coterie of girls at Lenox—the daughters of the Shuons and Phelps-Roxes' families, and Miss Parsons and Miss Ives.

Their wheels are treasured with care and placed to make the prettiest pictures, not only when in use, but when serving merely as ornaments. Ribbons of a heavenly shade of blue, are bought by the quantity for the purpose of adorning the wheels and adding to the general effect.

The Antiques of a hundred years ago were not less dainty than is the maiden of to-day when under the spell of her spinning, which she seems then to enjoy, uncertain and hard to please, and falls more easily a victim to cupid's darts.

A COQUETTISH COSTUME.

And the time she gives to planning her gowns.

The spinning gown has therefore become as much a necessity of the wardrobe as the golfing gown or the riding habit and its possibilities for picturesque are practically unlimited.

To quote Miss Tennyson's "Princess," with due apologies—

"A rosy blonde and in a spinning gown,
That clad her like an April daffodil;
A single band of gold about her hair."

Let the frock be white, or it will, of rose chiffon, of samite white, or silk, or wool or serge, see to it, fair spinners, that the drapery of the sleeve doth not so much conceal as reveal the snowy whiteness of the arm, as the hand moves quickly to and fro.

DISTAFF PARTIES.

But rose chiffon and bands of gold belong to the poetry of spinning. There is a practical side—that is the morning class, when the group of maidens, each with her wheel beside her, receives instruction from a "professor" of spinning, and when each member of the class is at perfect liberty to display all the ignorance at her command, or to try to look as though she knew the difference between a spindle and a distaff, between hemp and tow, or flax and wool.

The instructor is lecturer as well, and the class incidentally imbibes much information about the art under consideration.

For instance, that the spindle used by the deft Hindu is a slender strip of bamboo, not much bigger than a fishing beetle, lightly weighted with a pellet of clay, and, as the slender thread cannot even spin, the spindle weight of so slight a spindle, the apparatus

"I dew. That's a hoe and that's the 'tater field, and if you don't want to dig, you'd better get along!"

"Has any one come along here with this story this summer?"

For answer the farmer pointed to one of the gateposts, on which thirty-nine notices were cut, and added:

"I think about as many more had come along before I began to keep tally."

"I see!" replied the wayfarer, as his face lengthened a foot or more. "Great Scott, but I had struck a fresh field and a soft corner (claiming that hoe, and you go in and tell the old woman to have my dinner ready in just twenty minutes, by the clock."—Detroit Free Press.

GETTING OFF THE CARS.

It has been said that woman will never learn how to get off a street car safely and easily. Just watch any girl who is a member of gymnastic class and the fallacy

of this belief will be shown. She will step off in the right direction, with a graceful swing that shows confidence and self-consciousness. A light to observe.

This season at the Berkeley Lyceum promises to be the busiest in the brief history of the Ladies' Athletic Club, for the muscular demands of golf and the capacity to stand continuous fatiguing work requires a deal of preliminary training. As all girls who have any fashionable pretensions must play golf and play it

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